

Sick Days

by Katz Monster

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Summary: Drew gets sick and can't go to class, so May decides to stay with him for the day. Read to find out what happens!

Sick Days

Here's a adorable Drew one for you guys!

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><p>"Hi Guys," the brunette co-ordinator greeted as she made her way to the group of normally four males. However, she noticed one missing, her grassy haired rival. "Where's Drew?"<p>

"Oh." The raven haired teen went on to explain that he was sick and couldn't come to class. "You'll probably see him tomorrow though, May. He wasn't too bad."

"Don't worry about it. I'll make sure he's well. I'll look after him!" May exclaimed, rushing off to the cabins.

"She's going to make it hell for him, isn't she?" the purple haired one said. The chestnut and raven haired boys nodded in agreement.

There was a knock at the door of his cabin. He groaned in annoyance and slowly got up to open it. When he did he regretted it.

"Hi, Drew!" May exclaimed happily, hugging him just a bit too hard.

"May. Can't. Breathe," he managed. May got off him and giggled.

"Sorry Drew, but everyone deserves a hug when they're sick," she

explained. "Now go back to bed. I'll take care of you," she said, pointing to his bedroom.

Drew huffed in annoyance. "June, I don't need someone to look after me. I'm old enough to look after myself."

May simply waved him off and came up with a solution: "What if I just give you company, and only get you things that you want?"

Drew huffed again but was too tired to argue. "Fine," he agreed. "I was about to watch How to Train Your Dragon-Type, but you probably don't like that movie."

May gasped. "How could anyone not like that movie? Those two are so cute together!" she squealed happily.

"I was going to watch it, but now?" He smirked, pausing waiting to see if she could recognise the reference he had made.

"Oh, ha ha," May said sarcastically. "We are watching that movie!" She grabbed Drew by the wrist and started dragging him to the couch, where she dropped him and went to his room, stripping the bed of duvet and pillows.

Both of them got comfy on each end of the lounge and May put the disc in. However, fifteen minutes in Drew started having a coughing fit. Sighing, May got up and got a box of tissues and a cup of water. He chugged down the water and blew his nose. Thanking May afterwards.

"Wow, Drew. You must really be sick," May commented smirking. Tired emerald eyes looked back at her with confusion. "You said 'Thank you'. You never thank me for anything."

Drew pouted and sneezed. "Shut up. I'm sick okay?"

"I noticed." May giggled to herself.

The rest of the movie went by with only minor mishaps and by the time the credits rolled, Drew was fast asleep. May carefully got up and covered his chest with the blanket, taking care not to wake him. She cleaned up a bit around him, picking up his eucalyptus wrappers and his cup from before.

But, the brunette couldn't help but look back at him. Drew was adorable when he was asleep.

She was disconnected from her thoughts upon hearing a Pokéball open. She turned to see Roselia walking up to her, holding a red rose in her larger one.

May blushed and accepted the flower. "Drew would want me to have one, right?"

The grass-type smirked and nodded, walking over to Drew and flicking through the channels on the TV. Well, that was until May interrupted her, switching off the TV and returning her.

Drew awoke half an hour later, to find himself in a clean room. "May, you didn't have to become a housewife you know?" He smirked watching

her blush.

May pouted and turned away, still holding the rose Roselia gave her. "Shut up. I was bored okay?"

"Could have turned the TV on."

"I didn't want to wake you. I even called back Roselia so she didn't wake you."

"Roselia can do what she wants. She knows the dos and don'ts," he said. "Besides, if I am already asleep the TV won't wake me up."

"You're weird. The TV always wakes me up, and I can't get to sleep when it's on. Even when it's the menu," May said, sitting back down on her end of the lounge.

"Hey May?"

"Yeah?"

"What foods can you make that's edible?"

May huffed, but chose not to retaliate, Drew was sick after all. "Quite a few. Why?"

"I'm hungry," Drew said in an almost whinny voice.

"Wow, more sick than I thought," May said to herself. "How about sandwiches?"

"Nope, I've got a sore throat." Drew rubbed his neck as if to prove his point.

May thought for a bit, then rushed off into the kitchen. Putting a pot on the stove and pouring in milk, honey and oats. She stirred it continuously for ten minutes, then poured the mix into two bowls and grabbed spoons. She handed one to Drew and said, "There's nothing like porridge to help a sore throat!"

Drew muttered a quick thanks and slowly began eating the gloop. Within minutes, he had cleaned the bowl, handing it to May so she took it to the sink. "What movie should we watch now? And don't say something like the S.S. Anne or Trainer School Musical."

May tapped her chin and sat back down on the lounge, not bothering to get comfy because she would have to put the disk in. Her sapphire eyes found a figure crouching on a stone holding a fish. "Do you have 'The Hobbit'?"

"Yeah, why?"

"Let's watch that! I haven't seen it yet, but I've been meaning to." She walked to the pile of DVDs on the bookshelf and found what she wanted. Putting it in the player and settling back down.

There was no coughing fits or sneezes during the next two and a half hours, and by the end of the movie, May was cuddled up to Drew. Both wrapped in the blankets and comforted by the pillows.

Drew reached over to the coffee table and grabbed the remote, turning off the TV.

"I suppose that means I have to move right?" May asked, looking up at his face.

"No," Drew answered while yawning. "You can stay there." He put an arm around May and dozed off, her following his actions not much later.

"Hey Drew! We're back!" the chestnut haired male from before called out after opening the door.

"Gary! Be quiet, he's probably asleep," the raven haired one whisper-yelled, as the purple haired teen made his way inside.

"Lucky Flower-boy," he said watching the sleeping pair on the lounge.

Gary came up behind him. "How far do you think he went to get her to do that?"

Ash gave him a look. "If he did do something, he wouldn't share his secret with you."

"The idiot's got a point," Paul said examining the small cabin. His onyx eyes fell onto the open DVD case sitting near the TV, and he picked it up. "Who do you think was the one who wanted to watch it?"

Both of the older teens shrugged. "Ask them when they wake up."

"Ask us what?" May asked stretching, waking Drew up in the process.

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><p>Please Review!<p>

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